ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion	$ 1 00
One square, each additional insertion	50
One square, one year	10 00
One-fourth column per year	30 00
One-third column, per year	40 00
One-half column, per year	60 00
One column, one year	100 00

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.
One inch of space constitutes a square.
The matter of yearly advertisements changed quarterly free of charge. For further particulars, address
JNO. P. BARRETT & Co., Publishers,
Hartford, Ky.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JANUARY 6, 1875. NO. 1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year	$ 2 00
Ten copies, one year	17 00
Twenty copies, one year	30 00

An additional copy, free of charge, to the getter-up of a club of ten or twenty.
As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.
All papers will be promptly stopped at the expiration of the time subscribed for.
All letters on business must be addressed to
JNO. P. BARRETT & Co., Publishers,
Hartford, Ky.

For The Hartford Herald.

THOU ART DEAD, MY BRIGHT, MY BEAUTIFUL!

BY WALLACE ORGELL.

DIED—At the residence of her mother, Mrs. Amanda Brown, in Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 27th of November, 1874, Mrs. MOLLIE L. NESMITH, youngest daughter of the late Gov. Wilson Brown, in the 26th year of her age.

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
Dead in thy beauty's prime,
And life's perfectest poetry
Has lost its sweetest rhyme!
Thou wert to me of womankind
The only perfect one,
The heaven of my life could hold
Than thee no other sun!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
Dead in thy glorious youth,
And with thee passed away from earth
Womanly faith and truth!
The grave hath won a victory,
And death may well be proud
To wrap about thy queenly form
His dismal bridal shroud!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
Art dead with all thy worth,
And heaven in robbing us of thee
Has pillaged the whole earth!
For angels, few enough with us,
Are fewer now, I ween—
My soul seems like a kingdom sack'd,
Despoiled of its fair queen!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
And with thee died the dreams
That drove the shadows from my life
With their love-lighted beams!
Yet in my heart thy picture hangs,
And hangs upon my wall,
I gaze on it, and, gazing, thus
The bitter tear-drops fall!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
Earth's brightness all is fled,
Save when mem'ry speaks, as now,
In the dear voice that's dead—
In tones that from all other tones
In music stood apart,
And set the joy-bells ringing in
The belfry of my heart!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
And though thy dreamless sleep
Be where monumental shafts
Their marble vigils keep!
I know thou art beside me now,
I feel thy presence bright,
Thy spirit-lips speak comfort to
My stricken soul to-night!

Thou art dead, my bright, my beautiful!
And this cold, bitter night,
Winter with icy fingers weaves
A sheet of snow so white,
And casts it on thy earthy bed,
Careless that 'neath it lies
One once the glory of earth, and now
The glory of the skies!

MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE MYSTERY," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "THE CHANNINGS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

VERNER RABY.

It was the height of the London season—not now, but years ago—and a drawing room, all sun, and light, and heat, looked out on a fashionable square in an exceedingly fashionable locality. At the extreme end of the room, away from the sun's rays, a yet young and exceedingly lovely lady reclined in an easy chair; a feverish flush was on her cheeks, but otherwise her features were white as the pillow on which they rested. The house was the residence of Mr. Verner Raby; this lady was his wife, and she was dying.

It was said of spinal complaint—of general debility—of a sort of decline; friends and doctors equally differed as to the exact malady. None hinted that care, disappointment, crushed feelings, could have anything to do with her sinking: yet it is probable they had more, by far, than all the other failments ascribed to her. Somewhat of remorse may have been added also.

Once, when young, she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Mair. She thought she liked him; she did like him; but one, higher in the world's favor, came across her path. His dashing appearance dazzled her eyes, as the baron dazzled fair Imogene's in the old song; his position dazzled her judgment; and Maria Raby would have discarded Arthur Mair for him. Her parents said no; common justice said no; but Mr. Verner exerted his powers of persuasion, and Maria yielded to her own will, and clandestinely left her father's house to become his wife. The private union was followed by a grand marriage, solemnized openly; and the bridewroom took his wife's name with her fortune, and became Verner Raby. Very, very soon was her illusion dissolved, and she found that she had thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. Mr. Raby speedily tired of his new toy, and she lapsed into a neglected, almost a deserted wife. He lived a wild life; dissipating his fortune, dissipating hers, tinging his character, wasting his talents. Meanwhile, the despised Arthur Mair, through the unexpected death of a man younger than himself, had risen to affluence and rank, and was winning his way to the approbation of good men. He had probably forgotten Maria Raby. It is certain that his marriage had speedily followed upon her own; perhaps he wished to prove to the world that her inexcusable conduct had not told irremediably upon him. Thus Mrs. Raby had lived for many years, bearing her wrongs in silence and battling with her remorseful feelings. But nature gave way at last, and her health left her: a few months of resigned suffering, and the grave drew very near. She was conscious of it; more conscious this afternoon than she had yet been. Her first child, a girl, had died at its birth; several years afterwards a boy was born. She was lying now, sadly thinking of him, when her husband entered. He had come home to dress for an early dinner engagement.

"How hot you look!" was his remark, his eye carelessly noting the unusual hectic on her cheeks.

"Things are troubling me," she answered, her breathing more labored than common. "Alfred, I want to talk to you."

"Make haste, then," he replied, impatiently pulling out his watch. "I have not much time to waste."

To waste! On his dying wife!

"Oh yes, you have if you like, Alfred. And, if not, you must make it. Other engagements may give way to me to-day, for I think it will be my last."

"Nonsense, Maria! You are nervous. Shake it off. What have you to say?"

"I think it will be," she repeated. "At any rate, it can be but a question of a few days now; a week or two at the most. Alfred, do you believe you could ever break an oath?"

"Break an oath!" he echoed in surprise.

"You are careless as to keeping your word; promises you forget as soon as made; but an oath imposes a solemn obligation, and must be binding on the conscience. I want you to take one."

"That I will not marry again," he responded, in a tone of suppressed mockery. "Calm yourself: it is not my intention to do so."

"Not so," she sadly uttered; "that would be an obligation I have no right lay upon you: my death will leave you free. I want you to undertake to be a good father to the child."

"And you would impose such obligation by oath?" cried Mr. Raby. "It is scarcely necessary. Of course I shall be good to him. What is running in your head, Maria?—that I shall beat him, or turn him adrift? The boy shall go to Eton, and thence to college."

She put out her fevered hands, and clasped his, with the excitable, earnest emotion of a dying spirit.

"O Alfred! when you are as near death as I am, you will know that three are other and higher interests than even the better interests of this world. If the knowledge never comes to you before, it will too surely come then. It is for those I wish you to train him."

"My dear," he rejoined, the mocking tone returning to his voice, and this time it was not disguised, "I will engage a curate at a yearly stipend, and he shall cram Raby with religion."

A cloud of pain passed across her brow; then she looked pleadingly up again to urge her wish.

"There is no earthly interest can be compared with that: we live here for a moment, in eternity forever. I want you to undertake that he shall be trained for it."

"So far as my will is good, he is welcome to grow up an angel," observed Mr. Raby; "but as to taking an oath that he shall, you must excuse me. We will leave the topic; it is one that we shall do no good at together. The boy will do well enough; what is there to hinder it? And do you get out of this desponding fit, Maria, and let me find you better when I come home to night."

"Stay!" she implored. "I lie here alone with all my pain and trouble; and wild thoughts intrude themselves into my mind, something like they come to us in a dream. It was a wild thought—an improbable one—to you of an oath; perhaps it was a wrong one. Will you pass your word to me, Alfred, that Raby shall be reared to good, not to evil? And you surely will hold good your word to the dying!"

"I promise you that the best shall be done for the boy in all ways, Maria, so far as I can do it."

He turned impatiently as he spoke, and left the room. She did not call again. And just then her little boy peeped in. He had been christened Raby.

"You may come, dear."

Raby Verner, a child of seven, who had inherited his mother's beauty, drew towards her on tiptoe. He was too intelligent for his years, too sensitive, too thoughtful. His large and brilliant brown eyes were raised to hers with a sweet, sad expression of inquiry. Then the long, dark eyelashes fell over them, and he laid his head on her bosom, and threw up his arms lovingly to clasp her neck.

"Raby, I was just thinking of you, I must tell you something."

As he had a dread presentiment of what was coming, he did not speak, but hid his face where she could not see it, and slightly shivered.

"Raby, darling, do you know that I am going to leave you—that I am going to heaven?"

The child had known it some time, for he had been alive to the gossipping of the servants, but, true to his shy and sensitive nature, he had buried the knowledge and the misery within his poor little heart.—True to it now, he would not give vent to his emotions, but his mother felt that he shivered from head to foot, as his clasp tightened upon her.

"I read a pretty book, Raby, once. It told of of the creed of some people, far, far away from our own land, who believe that when they die—if they die in God's love—they are permitted to become ministering spirits to those whom they leave here; to hover invisibly round them, and direct their thonghts and steps away from harm. My dearest, how I should really like to find this to be really the case! I would come and watch over you."

His sobs could no longer be suppressed, though he strove for it still. They broke out into a wail.

"Raby, dear, you have heard that this is a world of care. All people find it so: though some more than others. When it shall fall upon you hereafter—as it is sure to do—remember that God sends it only to fit you for a better land."

What more she would have said is uncertain. Probably much. The child was not like a child of seven; he was more like one of fourteen, and he understood well. It was Mr. Raby who interrupted them.

"Raby! crying, sir! What for? Has your mamma been talking gloomy stuff to you, or saying that she fears she is worse? It is not true, boy, either of it. Dry up that face of yours. Maria, you are not worse: if you were, I should see it. Run away into the nursery, sir."

The boy drew away choking, and Mr. Raby continued—

"It is not judicious of you, Maria, to alarm the boy. I cannot think what has put these ideas into your head. He will be in tears for the rest of the day."

"He is so sensitive," she whispered.—"Alfred, something seems to tell me he will be destined to sorrow. It is an impression I have always felt, but never so forcibly as now. Shield him from it wherever you can. Oh that I could take him with me!"

"You are growing fanciful," answered Mr. Raby. "Destined to sorrow, indeed! Is there nothing else you fancy him destined to? Whence draw you your deduction?"

"I do not know. But a timid, sensitive, refined nature, such as his, with its unusual gift of genius, is generally destined to what the world looks upon as adverse fate. It may be deep sorrow, or it may be an early death."

"All mothers think their child a genius," interrupted Mr. Raby, in his slighting tone.

"Well, if he lives, time will prove," she panted. "I fear you will find my words true. When the mind is about to separate from the body, I believe it sees with unusual clearness—that it can sometimes read the future, almost with a spirit of prophecy."

"I am not given to metaphisics, Maria," remarked Mr. Raby, as he again escaped from the room.

Mrs. Verner Raby died. Raby, in due course, went to Eton, and afterwards to college. A shy, proud young man: at least, his reserved manners and his refined appearance gave a stranger the idea that he was proud. He kept one term at Oxford, and had returned to keep another, when a telegraphic despatch summoned him to London. Mr. Verner Raby had died a sudden death.

When Raby went back to Oxford, it was only to take his name off the college books, for his father had eaten up all he possessed, had died in debt, and Raby must no longer be a gentleman. A *rentier*, the French would say, which is a much more suitable term: we have no word that answers to it. Mr. Raby, after the death of his wife, had plunged into worse expense than before; he had lived a life of boundless extravagance, and his affairs proved to be in a sad state. He had afforded Raby a home; he had educated him in accordance with his presumed rank; but he had done no more. He had given him no profession; he had squandered his mother's money, as well as his own; he had bequeathed him no means to live, or even to complete his education; he left him to struggle with the world as he best could. And that was how he fulfilled his promise to his dead wife!

Yes; Raby must struggle now with the world—fight with it for a living. How was he able to do it? His mother said he possessed genius, and he undoubtedly did—a genius for painting. He had loved the art all his life, but his father had been against his pursuing it, even as an ameteur—and obstinately set his face and interposed his veto against it. Raby determined to turn to it with a will now.

CHAPTER II.

DREAMS OF FAME.

A gentleman stood one morning in the studio of a far-famed painter, the great Coram, as the world called him. The visitor was Sir Arthur Saxonbury, one of those warm patrons of art all too few in England. Rich, liberal, and enthusiastic, his name was a welcome sound, not only to the successful, but to the struggling artist. The painter was out; but, in a second room seated before an easel, underneath the softened light of the green blind, was a young man, working assiduously. Sir Arthur took little notice of him at first; he supposed him to be an humble assistant, or color-mixer of the great man's; but, upon drawing nearer, he was struck with the exceeding and rare beauty of the face that was raised to look at him. But for the remarkable intellect of the high, broad brow, and the flashing light of the luminous eye, the face, in its sweet and delicate symmetry, in its transparency of complexion, might have been taken for a woman's. Sir Arthur, a passionate admirer of beauty, wherever he saw it, forgot the pictures of still life around him, and gazed at the living one: gazed until he heard the painter enter.

"Who is that in the other room?" inquired Sir Arthur, when their greetings were over.

"Ah, poor fellow, his is a sad history. A very common one, though. When did you return to England, Sir Arthur?"

"But last week. Lady Saxonbury is tired of France and Germany, and her health seems to get no better. I must look at your new works, Coram; I suppose you you have many to show me, finished or unfinished."

"Ay. It must be three years since you were here, Sir Arthur."

"Nearly."

They proceeded round the rooms, when Sir Arthur's eye once more fell on the young man.

"He has genius, that young fellow, has he not?" he whispered.

"Very great genius."

"I could have told it," returned Sir Arthur. "What a countenance it is! Transferred to canvas, its beauty alone would make the painter immortal. His face seems strangely familiar to me. Where can I have seen it?"

Mr. Coram had his eyes bent closely to one of his paintings He saw a speck on it which had no business there. The baronet's remark remained unanswered.

"I presume he is an aspirant for fame," continued Sir Arthur. "Will he get on?"

"No," said Mr. Coram.

Sir Arthur Saxonbury looked surprised.

"It is the old tale," proceeded the painter. "Poverty, friendlessness, and overwhelming talent."

"Talent has struggled through mountains before now, Coram," significantly observed the baronet.

"Yes. But Raby's enemy lies *here*," touching his own breast. "He is inclined to consumption, and these ultra-refined natures cannot battle against bodily weakness. His sensitiveness is something marvellous. A rude blow to his feelings would do for him."

Sir Arthur had looked up at the sound of the name. "What did you call him? Raby?"

"Raby Verner Raby is his name. The son of spendthrift Verner and Maria Raby the heiress."

Raby Verner Raby! Middle-aged though he was, years though it was ago, now, since his dream of love with Maria Raby had come to an abrupt ending, Sir Arthur Saxonbury, once Arthur Mair, positively felt his cheeks blush through his gray whiskers. He glanced eagerly at Raby's face, and memory carried him back to its spring-time, for those were her very eyes, with their sweet melancholly expression, and those were her chiselled features.

"I saw Verner Raby's death in the papers," said Sir Arthur, rousing himself, "two—three years ago, it seems to me. What is the son doing here?"

"Raby left nothing behind him but debts. The son sold off all and paid them, leaving himself, I believe, about half sufficient for the bare necessaries of life. So he turned to what he loved best, painting, and has been working hard ever since. He expects to make a good thing of it. I let him come here to copy, for he has no conveniences at his lodgings! Poor fellow! better that he had been a painter of coach panels."

Why do you say that, Coram?"

"A man whose genius goes no higher than coach-painting can bear rubs and crosses. We can't. And Raby is so sanguine! Thinks he is going to be a second Claude Lorraine. He *is* great in landscapes."

At that moment they were interrupted by Raby. He came across the room in search of something wanted in his work, and Sir Arthur Saxonbury saw that the beauty of the face in front extend to the form. Not more than middle height, and slender, his long arms and legs looked too long for his body. He stooped in the shoulders, he had a sensitive look of physical weakness, and his gait was uncertain and timid. Coram laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is Sir Arthur Saxonbury, of whom you have heard so much," he said.

Raby was unacquainted with the episode in his mother's early life, therefore the flush that rose to, and dyed his face, was caused only by the greeting of a stranger; with these sensitive natures, it is sure to do so, whether they be man or woman. The bright color only served to render him more like Maria Raby, and Sir Arthur, in spite of the sore feeling her treatment had left, felt his heart warm to her son. A wish half crossed his mind that that that son was his—his heir; he had no son, only daughters. Raby was astonished at the warmth of his greeting, Sir Arthur clasped and held his hand; he turned with him to inspect the painting he was engaged on. It was a self-created landscape, betraying great imaginative power and genius; but genius, as yet, only half cultivated.

"You have your work cut out for you," observed Sir Arthur, who was an excellent judge of art, and its indispensable toil.

"I know it, Sir Arthur. I ought to have begun the study earlier; but during my father's lifetime the opportunity was not afforded me. It is all I have to depend on now, for with him died my wealth and my prospects."

"He had great wealth once. How could he have been so reprehensible as to dissipate it all, knowing there was one to come after him?" involuntarily spoke Sir Arthur.

"These are thoughts that I avoid," replied Raby. "He was my father."

"Do you remember much of your mother?"

"I remember her very well indeed. She died when I was seven years old. All the good that is in me I owe to her. I have never forgotten her early lessons or her early love. I seem to see her face as plainly as I saw it then. I see it often in my dreams."

"It was a face that the world does not see too often," said Sir Arthur, whose thoughts were buried in the past. "Your own is like it," he added, rousing himself.

"Did you know my mother, Sir Arthur?"

"Once: when she was Miss Raby," answered the baronet, in an indifferent tone, as he turned again to the painting. "Where do you live?" he suddenly asked.

"I give my address here," answered the young man. "Mr. Coram allows me to do so: though indeed it is never asked for. I have only a room in an obscure neighborhood. I cannot afford anything better."

Sir Arthur Saxonbury smiled. "You are not like most people," he said: "they generally strive to hide their fallen fortunes; you make no secret of yours."

Raby shook his head, and a strangely painful flush rose to his face. His poverty was a sore point with him, the sense of disgrace it brought eating into his very heartstrings.

"My fallen fortunes have been a world's talk," he answered. "I could not keep them secret if I would."

"Have you retained your former friends?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not one. Perhaps it is, in some degree, my own fault, for my entire time is given to painting. Few would care to know or recognize me now: Raby Verner Raby, the son and heir of the rich and luxurious Verner Raby, who made some noise in the London world, and Raby, the poor art-student, are two people. None have sought me since the change. Not one has addressed me with the kindness ahd sympathy that you have now, Sir Arthur."

"I shall see you again," remarked Sir Arthur, as he shook him by the hand, and turned away to the great artist and his paintings.

In the evening, Raby turned to his home—if the garret he occupied could be called such. Coram had spoken accurately: not half sufficient for what would generally be called the bare necessaries of life, remained from the wreck of his father's property. But it was made to suffice for his wants. It would seem that surely his clothes must take it all, and none could conjecture how he contrived to eke it out. He was often cold, often hungry, always weary; yet his hopeful spirit bouyed him up, and pictured visions of future greatness. He never for one moment doubted that he was destined to become a world's fame; those who possess true genius are invariably conscious of it in their inmost heart: and he would repeat over and over again to himself the words he felt must some time be applied to him—"The great painter—the painter Raby."

He sat down that evening to his dinner-supper of bread and cheese. It tasted less dry than usual, for his thoughts were absorbed by the chief event of the day, the meeting Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He attributed, in his unconsciousness, the interest which Sir Arthur had betrayed in him, to admiration of his genius: he knew how warm a supporter of rising artists Sir Arthur was, and he deemed the introduction the very happiest circumstance that could have befallen him. Could he but have foreseen what that introduction was to bring forth!

[Continued next week.]

Women clients are unhealthy for San Francisco lawyers. The last one shot was named Cobb. Her name is Smyth.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

The King from the council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Hiff, the painter,
And spake to him apart.
"I am sick of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slaves in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise and good;
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither, when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in the palace hall,
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The King, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his question sight.

For the form was his suppest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb,
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting of tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smile which the curves transfigured
As a rose with a shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, in every form of the human,
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How scanning each living temple,
The form of the God within
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses
Thro' the place where the vail is thin."

Written for The Hartford Herald.

MRS. BARTELMASSY'S STORY.

BY QUITS.

Once upon a time, and that time less than a year ago, I was sitting at a dreary railway junction for the L. train. Waiting is at all times wearisome enough, but doubly so when stopping at a third-rate railroad hotel. Under such circumstances an obliging landlady and two or three prattling children are a godsend. I had both, and to make my cup full and running over, Mrs. Bartelmassy thrown in.

Mrs. Bartelmassy was a pretty, plump little woman, with round blue eyes and brown wavy hair, nearing the forties, I should guess; a traveler like myself. We met as strangers do in railroad travel; met and parted, and may never meet again, but she helped me to while away the tedium of a lonely hour at a lonely inn.

But, reader, I warn you, if you are impatient, or in a hurry, don't wait to read Mrs. Bartelmassy's story. I shall give it in her own words as nearly as possible; but she had a way of interrupting and prolonging the continuous trickle and flow of her conversation by catching her breath, and lingering lovingly over her "ands" and "buts." In fact, she would go off into a sort of—well, *haze*, I suppose, would express what I mean, wherein I imagined she would see visions and dream dreams, looking straight before her, unconscious for the moment of who was present or what she had been saying, then beginning again with a catch of her breath, which, kind reader, you may never enjoy unless you could hear Mrs. Bartelmassy tell her own story.

I shall give it in her own words, but remember she is only a—*woman*.

Mr. Will Firkin says, "Just let a lot of women get together, and they'll all get to laughing and all talking at once, and no two of them talking about the same thing, and that night every one of them will have to tell everything she said, and everything all the rest said, over to her husband."—Don't I feel like getting behind Mr. Firkin and lifting him up by the ears, and shaking him out of his boots for such a slander on the sex? Yes, I do! I didn't talk—no I didn't—only just to ask Mrs. Bartelmassy what dog bit her, and how it happened, and when. And I didn't tell my husband about it that night, either,—for he heard it all himself. I'm glad he did, because he hurries me up sometimes when I try to make myself entertaining by repeating for his benefit something I've heard, read, or seen. He says, "A woman can't tell a thing straight along through, and *quit*, to save her life; but must tell all about everything and everybody her story brings up." I'd like to shake him, too, if I dared. But let patience have her perfect work; there's a hereafter. I'm glad he heard Mrs. Bartelmassy, though, if there is.

I was patting a fine setter of my husband's at the door of that dreary hotel, when Mrs. Bartelmassy came in. I have a weakness for dogs, out of doors, and "old Minx" had taken many a trip with us.

"You must like dogs," said Mrs. Bartelmassy.

"Yes, I have a weakness for dogs, especially this one, she is so near human," I answered, bowing courteously.

"Lord! I hate dogs! I reckon I always will hate 'em. Yes, always, I reckon. Do you see that hand? Look at that scar! Right in the palm—clean through, too. Well, a dog bit me once right through that hand. And I've hated dogs ever since. Let me see, that was two years after I was married. Mother didn't want me to marry. She said I was too young, and she believed I could do better than to marry Billy Bartelmassy, anyhow, if I'd wait. But, sakes a alive! you needn't talk to a girl about waiting, when she once sets her head to marry. You'd just as well sing psalms to a dead donkey, as pa says.

"So, we married and went to housekeeping, in a real pleasant neighborhood down on Sandy Run. Yes, it was real pleasant. There was Sam White's family, mighty nice people they were, lived in about half a mile of us. Susan, their oldest daughter, was cross-eyed, but she didn't mean a bit of harm by it. And Ben, their-ah second son, was the most unaccountable liar, Mr. Bartelmassy used to say, he ever did hear talk; but he was mighty polite to me, Ben was, and one of the best talkers I ever listened to; real entertainin'. They were a real nice family.

"And-ah Mr. Perkins' family lived just about half a mile on the other side of us. They were of good family, old Virginia stock. They were from Culpepper county. The old man was close—well, real *stingy*, I reckon, from all the neighbors told me. He'd buy sugar and coffee by the dollar's worth, and-ah they'd get out and send and borrow from me. They'd borrow anything and everything-ah—a cup of parched coffee, or a teacup of sugar, or half a pound of butter, a spoonful of soda, or a few slices of ham-ah. It was something or other 'most every day. They were mighty nice people, but, sakes alive! they just borrowed my life out of me! Sometimes they'd send back short measure, and-ah sometimes none at all." Holding up her left hand—"But that scar! I'll wear it to my dyin' day!"

"Did you say a dog bit you? Was it one of your own?" I asked.

"Was it our dog that bit me? Lawa, no! Our dogs never thought of biting anybody. Both of 'em was quiet and peaceable dogs as ever was. 'Old Watch' would bark and romp around like he'd take the place, when anybody 'd come, but just speak to him, and-ah could him, or shame him, and he'd go off and lie down quiet as a lamb. And 'Gin,' there never was a better or smarter dog than 'Gin'. Just say, 'Chickens, Gin!' and she'd have the last one out of the garden before she quit. She wouldn't let a pig come nigh the yard. And-ah she'd no more pretend to make a track on my porch floor than you would. She know'd jest as well when it rained, or was muddy, that she mustn't come in, as a twelve year old child would a-know'd. She had a litter of puppies, once, and-ah I gave them all away but one. That one she'd bring in the kitchen every time she'd get the chance, and-ah lay it in a warm corner by the cooking stove. I got-ah so mad at her for it, one day, that I kicked it clear out of the kitchen. 'Gin' looked at me, the most grieved, reproachful look! —I never will forget that look!—then walked out, and-ah took up her puppy in her mouth and carried it off up to sister Matt's and left it. She'd go up there every day and suckle it, but she never would bring it back home! And-ah one day Mr. Bartelmassy brought me home a new teaboard. After I'd looked at and admired it, I leant it up against the table until I'd get up. 'Gin' soon spied it; and-ah in it she saw herself reflected. She bristled up and commenced barking and frisking around, trying to make friends with the dog in the teaboard. Then she'd run behind the teaboard, then-ah come round in front again, then bristle up, and growl, and snarl, and snap, at the dog in the teaboard until I thought I should die a laughing! I never saw a dog cut such didoes in my life. I laughed at her shines until I took a pain in my side, from which I had a real hard spell of sickness. I come mighty near dying, I tell you! I lost my baby. I've had five since, and this is the only one living. Speak to the lady, Willie, and tell her your name like a man when she asks you."

"I sha'n't do it! Give me an apple, ma!" was all the young hopeful deigned, and he walked off munching his apple.—I ventured to ask, while Mrs. Bartelmassy pinned up her pocket:

"Did 'Gin' bite you?"

"Laws, no! 'Gin' never bit anybody! It was 'Old Bulger,' 'Squire Neely's dog. A great big, savage, yaller, brindle dog, that everybody was afeard of. I don't know what in the world ever made them keep such a dog! They lived jest about two miles from our house, and-ah were real nice, clever people, and-ah the best kind of neighbors. I used to go over there right often; jest get on my horse and ride right over any time when Mr. Bartelmassy was busy, for I'd get lonesome as a settin' turkey, sometimes. Mrs. Neely was mighty kind to me; a real mother.—If they killed hogs first, she was sure to send me a spare rib or two, and some of her sausage and souce. And when she made her mincemeat, she always sent me some. And-ah they never took a cap of honey without sending me a plateful of the nicest. I reckon there never was a better neighbor in the world than Mrs. Neely."

"How did 'Squire Neely's dog happen to bite you?" I asked.

"How did the dog happen to bite me? Yes-ah, I must tell you that. Well, you see, I'd got Mr. Bartelmassy to saddle Jerry for me before he went to his work. He was laying by his corn, I remember, and was mighty busy trying to get it laid by before oats harvest come on. When-ah I started, Mr. Bartelmassy says to me, says he: 'Jenny, don't you let that dog bite you. Don't you get off your horse till you hail some of the family, and know he's tied.' When I got there, they were all sitting out in the porch, and-ah they had company, I could see. John and Betty were down at one end of the porch, with Dora Green and-ah Rilla Ashley, and Tom Smith. Mrs. Neely was settin' nearly at the other end of the porch, and she was sewing. And-ah just about middle ways of the porch, 'Squire Neely and Mr. Peters was settin' at a table playin' cards. The 'Squice was mighty fond of cards and we always had to have a game every time I went over. A nigger boy come out to hitch my horse, and-ah I asked him about 'Old Bulger'. He said he believed he'd gone to the field with Sam; he hadn't seen him for some time. I looked around, and-ah didn't see anything of him until I'd got about five steps inside the gate, and there he was, comin' right at me, with all his bristles up, growlin' and snappin' his great big white teeth! I tried to fight him off from me with my parasol, but, laws-a-mercy! he just tore that all to pieces. It was a beautiful parasol,—blue silk lined with white. I was scared to death! Poor Mrs. Neely was, too. The 'Squire said afterwards he didn't know which screamed the the loudest, me, or Mrs. Neely, or the three girls.—And my riding habit was torn off me, almost, before the 'Squire or John could get to me, and-ah"——

"Train coming, did you say, sir? Why, law me! Mrs. Q., is it your train? Don't forget your basket, and your shawl! Have you got your umberella and your box of flowers? Well, good-bye, Mrs. Q., and a safe journey to you."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bartelmassy. I'm glad that dog didn't bite you."

"Didn't bite me! Why, law-sakes! jest look at that hand! Why, he jest fastened them great big white teeth of his'n right through there and clinched 'em, before 'Squire Neely or John could get to me, and it was two days before I could be taken home. Mr. Bartelmassy was sure I'd have hydrophoby. He swore he'd kill that dog, and took his gun and went up there. Brother John went with him, and-ah"——

"All aboard!" Toot! toot! The brakeman's wheel clicked sharply under his sudden wrench, and away we went, hoping that in some better world we may hear the conclusion of Mrs. Bartelmassy's story.

HARTFORD, KY., Dec. 22, 1874.

THE MODEL WIFE.

The Woman Who is a Helpmeet to Her Husband in Storm and Sunshine.

Detroit Free Press.

She is a little bit of a woman, all patience and sunshine, and I'd spoil the best silk hat money could buy for the privilege of lending her my umbrella in a rain.

She's married, and she's got an old rhinoceros of a husband. He makes it a practice to come home tight at 11 o'clock every other night, and has for four years, and he can't remember that she ever gave him a cross word about it. When he falls into the hall she is waiting to close the door, and help him back to the sitting-room, where a good fire awaits him. She draws off his boots, unbuttons his collar, helps him off with his coat, and at the same time she is saying:

"Poor Harry! How sorry I am that you had this attack of vertigo! I am afraid that you will be found dead by the road-side some night."

"Whazzer mean by verzhigo?" he growls, but she helps him off with his coat and vest, and pleasantly continues:

"I'm so glad that you got home all right. I hope the day will come when you can pass more of your time at home. It is dreadful how your business drives you."

"Whaz bizshness—whaz yer talking 'bout?"

"Poor one! how hot your head is!" she continues, and presently he breaks down and weeps and exclaims:

"Yes, zur—zic's a 'orse—wearing self out fhast's can—wishzi was dead!"

Next morning she never refers to the subject, but pleasantly inquires how he slept, and if his mind is clear. His boots may be missing, and he yells out:

"Whar's thunder's my boots?"

"Right here, my dear," she replies, and she hands them out, all nicely blacked up.

If she wants a dress, or a hat, or a cloak, and he yells out that household expenses are eating him up, she never "sasses" him back, nor tells him that she could have married a Congressman, nor declares that she will write to her mother and tell her just how it is.

"That's so, my dear—times are hard," she says, and she gets up just as good a dinner as if he had left her fifty dollars.

He may come home tight at supper time, but she is not shocked. She remarks that it is an unexpected pleasure to have him home so early, and she pretends not to notice his stupid look. He sees three chairs where there is but one, and in trying to sit down he strikes the floor like the fall of a derrick.

"Whazzer jaw that chair 'way for?"

She replies: "It's that hole in the carpet—I knew you would stumble!" and she helps him up and brings him a strong cup of tea.

They do not keep a servant, and when cold weather came she never thought of planting herself down in a chair opposite him and saying:

"Now, then, you'll either get up and light the fires or there won't be any lighted—mark that, old baldhead."

No, she didn't resort to any such base and tyrannical measures. When daylight comes, she slips out of bed, makes two fires, warms his socks, and then, bending over him, she whispers:

"Arise, darling, and greet the festive morn!"

He's sick sometimes, and I've known that woman to coax him for two straight hours to take the doctor's medicine, turn over his pillow twenty-two times, keep a wet cloth on his head, pare his corn down, and then wish she had a quail to make him some soup.

When he gets into a fight down town, and comes home with his ears bitten up, and his nose pointed to the northeast, she inquires how the horse happened to run away with him, and she says that she is so thankful that he wasn't killed. She has an excuse for everything, and she never admits that any one but herself is to blame about anything. Lor' bless her—I hope she will slip into heaven and never be asked a question.

A remarkable story comes from Bombay, which suggests the propriety of employing monkeys as police detectives: A Madras man, making a journey, took with him some money and jewels, and a pet monkey. He was waylaid, robbed, murdered, and buried by a party of assassins. The monkey witnessed the whole affair from a tree-top, and as soon as the villains had departed he went to the nearest police officer's station, attracted his attention by his sighs and groans, and finally led him to the grave of his master. He then enabled the officer to recover the stolen property from the place where it had been concealed, and then went to the bazar and picked out the murderers one by one, holding them by the leg until secured.—They have confessed the crime and are held for trial.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young woman at Boston, last week, to a salesman with whom she was talking about buying a sewing machine. "Always; are you a minister's wife?" "O, no; I'm not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The salesman looked puzzled. "I'm engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

Mrs. Brown's pretty Irish waitress got married the other day. "I hear that you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said her mistress. "Are you not afraid of such a long dangerous voyage?" "Well, ma'am, that is his look out. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me, sure it'll be his loss, not mine."

An ignorant housemaid, who had to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, when the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's jist sharpening his teeth.

An Illinoisan who jocularly applied his tongue to an iron fence is waiting for the spring thaw.

Dark.—A nigger in a coal mine.